

## RESULTS THAT REMAIN

Are Appreciated by Honesdale People.

Thousands who suffer from backache and kidney complaint have tried one remedy after another, finding only temporary benefit. This is discouraging, but there is one kidney medicine that has earned a reputation for lasting results and there is plenty of proof of its merit right here in Honesdale.

Here is the testimony of one who used Doan's Kidney Pills years ago, and now makes her testimony even stronger.

Mrs. Jacob Smith, 230 Green street, Honesdale, Pa., says: "Doan's Kidney Pills, procured at A. M. Leine's drug store, have been used in our family and they have been effective in relieving pains in the back and other symptoms of kidney trouble. I gave a statement for publication two years ago, recommending Doan's Kidney Pills and at this time I can say that I still consider them a kidney medicine of great merit."

Price 50c at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Smith had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

## CURE RHEUMATISM WITH EXTRACT OF OX.

Remarkable success in the treatment of joint rheumatism by pituitary body of the ox, has just been made in a preliminary report by Dr. Charlton Wallace and Dr. Frank S. Child of the St. Charles Hospital for Crippled Children, at Port Jefferson, L. I.

Within the past few months several kinds of joint rheumatism have been treated with pituitary extract at St. Charles Hospital, and the improvement in the patients has been noteworthy, and the method of treatment and the results obtained have attracted wide attention in the medical world.

One of the cases was that of a little girl, 3 years old, who was admitted into the hospital when she could not walk because of the great pain in her joints. After the injection of the extract, the child showed remarkable improvement. She was relieved entirely of all pain at the end of thirty-one days and has remained free from it since. All swellings have disappeared, and the functions of the joints are normal, except the hips, where abduction is limited, due to muscular contraction.

Another case was that of a boy, 12½ years of age. When admitted to St. Charles he could walk only 100 feet and suffered great pain.

Upon discharge the patient had gained 7½ pounds and his general condition had been markedly improved. All pain disappeared and he could walk two miles without fatigue or discomfort and he could roller skate and row a boat well.

The condition of another little patient, a girl 9½ years old, has been changed from fatal to favorable, and marked improvement is recorded. A boy 8 years old came in in plaster-of-paris bandages and suffering great pain. He is now able to run and jump without pain and he has gained in weight. Other children, hopelessly crippled by rheumatism, have, after the treatment, been so much benefited that they now romp and play with the other children and suffer no pain.

Several cases of grown persons are also given in the report, all of which have responded to the treatment, and the physicians are greatly encouraged in the belief that an efficient cure has been found for the painful disease of joint rheumatism.

Kill Catarrh Germ  
USE BOOTH'S HYOMEL

Try the sure and most effective way to reach the raw, tender inflamed mucous membrane infested with catarrh germs—use Hyomel. You breathe it—no stomach dosing.

If you suffer from raising of mucus, frequent sneezing, husky voice, discharge from the nose, droppings in the throat or any other symptoms of catarrh—breathe the germ-destroying air of Hyomel. It acts directly on the inflamed membranes, destroying the disease germs in the nose, throat and lungs and giving quick and permanent relief, or money refunded by Peil, the druggist.

The complete outfit, including pocket inhaler and bottle of liquid, costs \$1.00. Extra bottle of liquid, if later needed, 50 cents. Dec. 16 & 23

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THE MAN WHO KNEW  
SANTA CLAUS BESTVISIT FROM  
ST. NICHOLAS

'Twas the night before Christmas when all through the house

Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;  
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,  
In hopes that Saint Nicholas soon would be there.  
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,  
While visions of sugarplums danced through their heads;

And Mama in her kerchief and I in my cap  
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap;  
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter  
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.  
Away to the window I flew like a flash,  
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash;  
The moon on the breast of the new fallen snow  
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below,  
When what to my wondering eyes should appear  
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,  
With a little old driver so lively and quick  
I knew in a moment it must be Saint Nick.  
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,  
And he whistled and shouted and called them by name.

"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer! and Vixen!

On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donner and Blitzen!  
To the top of the porch! To the top of the wall!  
Now dash away! dash away! dash away, all!"  
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly  
When they meet with an obstacle mount to the sky,  
So up to the housetop the coursers they flew,  
With the sleigh full of toys and Saint Nicholas too.  
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof  
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof—  
As I drew in my head and was turning around,  
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.  
He was dressed all in furs from his head to his foot,  
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot.

A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,  
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack;  
His eyes—how they twinkled! His dimples, how merry!

His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!  
His droll little mouth was drawn up in a bow,  
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow;  
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,  
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath;  
He had a broad face, and a little round belly  
That shook when he laughed like a bowlful of jelly.  
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,  
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.  
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head  
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.  
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work  
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,  
And laying his finger aside of his nose  
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.  
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,  
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;  
But I heard him exclaim ere he drove out of sight,  
"Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night."



Decorative by Moore's, 1913

RUDOLPH GUTE DIES  
IN NEW YORK.

Following Operation for Stomach Trouble—Once Champion Rifle Shot—Well Known in Honesdale.

Rudolph Gute, a prominent citizen of Jeffersonville, died at the Polyclinic hospital on West 50th street, New York, Monday afternoon about 3 o'clock, following an operation for ulceration of the stomach. He was thirty-nine years old.

Mr. Gute had been confined to his home here for a couple weeks with stomach trouble, and on Tuesday of last week left for the city to have an operation performed. Before the train reached Weehawken his condition became so serious that he collapsed, and he was removed in an ambulance direct from the train to the Polyclinic Hospital where an operation was performed early Wednesday morning.

The funeral occurred on Wednesday of last week at 2 p. m., from the home of his brother, John R. Gute, at Middle Village, and burial was made in the Lutheran cemetery with Masonic rites conducted by Valentine Scheidell, pastmaster of Callicoon Lodge, of Jeffersonville, and John C. Beck as chaplain. Others who went from here to attend the funeral were William Knoll, William J. Durr, William Becker, John L. Schmidt, W. J. Grishaler and V. P. Scheidell, members of the Masonic order, and Attorney Robert B. McGinn, John and Howard Smith.

Mr. Gute was originally from Middle Village, where he was in the monument business for a number of years, with his father and succeeding to the business. Eight years ago he removed to Jeffersonville and built a handsome house on the lot he bought of Chas. W. Wilfert on East Main street, now occupied by the Rev. H. Coenen and parents. Since then Mr. Gute has also acquired several other properties here in which he was still interested at the time of his death—the Charles Scheidell farm, his late home, the McDermott or tannery property, the old Wilfert farm on the hill, the Jeffersonville House property in this village, and the Jacob Wilfert house in Delaware. He also had considerable estate and other interests in Middle Village.

Up to a few years ago Mr. Gute took an active interest in rifle shooting and was one of the best marksmen in the international shooting circles. He for a number of years participated in nearly all the national tournaments, winning valuable trophies and prizes, and one year went with the American crack rifle shots to Germany. In all the indoor and outdoor target tournaments he was up with the two or three leaders in high scores, and in 1898 he won the national target championship in New York, breaking all records in both high score and average.

Mr. Gute affiliated with Callicoon Lodge of Free Masons after coming here. He served on the Board of Education and contributed to the churches and other benevolences. His presence in Jeffersonville will be missed, and his death is a sad shock and loss to his family. He leaves, besides his wife, six children: Rudolph, August, Adele, Lester, Herbert and Walter; also one brother, John R., of Middle Village, and two sisters, Mrs. Jacob Hess and Mrs. William A. Fluhr, of Brooklyn.—Record.

## WISDOM IN TWENTY-FIVE WORDS.

The philosophical rat-catcher, Charles M. Frey whose interviews some years ago with Mayor Gaynor gave pleasure, is now in Los Angeles, and in a recent interview tells how just before he started on a 16,000-mile trip through Europe he called on Mayor Gaynor and discussed philosophy and happiness. Can all the essential knowledge, asked the mayor, be put on a five-foot shelf, as Dr. Elliot says, or in 25 volumes, as President Butler has stated? The rat-catcher reflected a moment, and then answered that all the knowledge essential to human happiness and progress can be put into 25 words; that in fact it has been done by the seven wise men of Greece:

Solon—"Know thyself."  
Chilon—"Consider the end."  
Pittacus—"Know thy opportunity."

Bias—"Most men are bad."  
Periander—"There is nothing impossible to industry."  
Cleobulus—"Avoid excesses."  
Thales—"Surely is the precursor of ruin."

It does not spoil the story that those sayings are usually quoted a little differently. Chilon is credited with "Know thyself," and Solon with "Nothing in excess," which would double the advice of Cleobulus. Periander's contribution is generally "Forethought in all things," and that of Bias, "Too many workers spoil the work," which has a modern parallel about the cooks and the broth. But, whatever the form, much solid wisdom is got into about 25 words of the English versions.—Springfield Republican.

## LIFE ON EARTH GOOD FOR 15,000,000 YEARS.

Philadelphia. — Replying to a question recently put by a clergyman at the weekly meeting of Presbyterian ministers, Professor Eric Doolittle, director of the University of Pennsylvania's astronomical observatory, said he thought that life on the earth would come to an end in about 15,000,000 years.

Professor Doolittle had been making an address on "Astronomy." In reference to the end of the earth's life he said:

"Unless some supernatural power or being interferes or the earth comes in contact with another planet or heavenly body, the earth will exist for fifteen million more years. 'The earth is dependent upon the sun for its heat and light, although the earth now contains some heat itself. When the sun eventually cools off the result will be darkness and cold, which will bring an end to all life, animal and vegetable.'

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We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE, Toledo, O.

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Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

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One Norris & Hyde Player Piano, used.  
This is an 88 note \$600.00 Player, used for demonstrating at the fair, etc. Will be sold for \$475.00, on easy terms.

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